

THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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The committee in charge of this issue of THE GREEN CALDRON includes STEPHEN ELLISTON, THOMAS QUINN, JOHN SMITH, ROBERT STONE and HARRIS WILSON, Chairman.

Bloodshed, Women and Profanity

CARL WRENCH

Rhetoric 102, Theme 2

IN 1930 A NEW TYPE OF FICTIONAL HERO MADE HIS DRAMATIC entrance into the world of literature with the publication of *The Maltese Falcon* written by Dashiell Hammett. This new hero was the "hardboiled" private detective: a tough, hard-drinking, fast-shooting, quick-to-love man who, although always loyal to his client, otherwise seemed to regard ethics as an unnecessary hindrance. For over twenty years this new hero went his merry way—drinking, killing, loving, and brawling—without anything very severely threatening his continued existence. Then, from within the ranks of these men, a new character emerged that threatens to sicken the public of the whole clan—Mike Hammer, the creation of Mickey Spillane. In most detective stories, even the "hardboiled" ones, the focal point of the action is the solving of the crime. In the books of Mickey Spillane there are two focal points which have only an incidental association with the solving of the crime: bloodshed and women. To spice these two things up, a liberal dose of profanity is added.

Our hero, Mike Hammer, usually starts out his book of adventures by dedicating himself to some cause: finding out who killed his friend, seeing who is running the organization that is terrorizing the prostitutes of New York, keeping a prominent candidate for public office from being embarrassed by the public disclosure of the fact that he has an insane brother, eradicating the Communist Party in America, or some other noble aim. Then the bloodshed begins. Someone doesn't answer his questions in a manner that suits Mike, so he "drags the gun across his face until it is a bright red mask mumbling for me to stop." Another person, a girl this time, misleads him, or at least Mike thinks she does, so he makes her strip and takes a belt to her. If happenings such as these aren't taking place, one has only to read a little further to find someone beating the hero until he is no longer recognizable as a man.

No matter how badly he may be beaten, however, Mike Hammer always seems to land in the same apartment of some beautiful girl who is determined to use every means of persuasion at her disposal to distract his thoughts from the topic of the story to some more diverting pastime. The lulls in the bloodshed, occasioned by the necessity for the hero to recover from a beating or by the lack of men for him to beat up himself, are always filled with vivid and detailed accounts of Mike either beating off the advances of some beautiful and amorous woman or else succumbing to the charms of another one. In most of the "hardboiled" stories the detective confines himself to one woman, but in Spillane tales Mike always has at least four or five while rejecting the advances of three or four others, either because he suspects their motives or be-

cause they don't happen to measure up to his personal standards of beauty. I know that earlier in this paper I listed quick-to-love as one of the characteristics of the typical "hardboiled" private detective of fiction, but it seems to me that the writing of Mr. Spillane carries the romantic side of detecting a little beyond the bounds of good taste.

In order to keep the reader from being too bored with the constant movement of Mike Hammer from blood to girls and back to blood again, Spillane uses more swear words in his books than any other single type of word. A page that contains no swear words at all is as rare in a Spillane book as a snowball in the Sahara. Indeed, to find a page with only four or five cuss words one must wade through approximately twenty pages with "hell" and "damn" used every fourth word. This, too, is carrying the characteristic toughness of the "hardboiled" school of detective story writing to such an extreme that it becomes objectionable.

Because of these three things, the excessive bloodshed, the astonishing number of women, and the extreme prevalence of profanity, the writings of Mickey Spillane are enjoying a flash of popularity. However, blood, girls, and swear words can attract attention and customers only as long as they are novel. As soon as the public realizes that one pool of blood is pretty much like another, all women are basically similar, and swear words all have a similarity of meaning, the flash of popularity now enjoyed by Mickey Spillane will fizzle out and he will sink to a level that will truly reflect the ability that he possesses as a writer—obscurity.

John Popp was a friend of mine. His body arrived home from Korea. He was killed in action.

I remember that date, August 25, 1952, well. The Korean War—war itself, in its whole frustrating, seemingly useless composition—became a real, tangible thing. John Popp was Barrington, Illinois' first citizen to be killed in the Korean War. The War had struck home. And it struck home hard—for a while.

Yes, for a while.

There was a party planned for the night of August 26. I went to it. So did everyone else who was invited. It was a very good party: plenty of laughs, many drinks, a lot of girls and boys. Everyone there had a good time.

"Boy, that really hits home about John Popp, doesn't it?"

"Yeah, it sure does."

"Let's have another beer."

"O.K."

You bet. It really hit us hard.

—JAMES S. TUOHY, 101.

American Materialism Through Education

ALICE C. WALKER

Rhetoric 101, Final Examination

AMERICAN MATERIALISM, WHICH IS OFTEN DISCUSSED but seldom remedied, is encouraged by the modern American education system. During their first school experiences, children are indoctrinated with the great American grasp—not for ideals to enlighten and inspire their minds and souls, but for things to comfort their bodies. They are urged to study hard so they will grow up to be rich some day. They are urged to do odd jobs and save their money so they will grow up to be rich rich some day. Even their Christmas activities emphasize the buying and making of gifts that bring bodily pleasure. When they graduate from grammar school they are possessed with the thought of "growing up to be rich someday." This thought is further developed in high school. Vocational training and job experience are stressed. Curricula are constantly being modified to include more shop courses and commercial subjects. Classical subjects, of course, must be minimized to make room for the important newcomers. Even those that are retained must economize on their pure subject matter to include technical applications. High school students are expected to have at least a general vocational choice so that they can take courses to prepare them to enter a vocational field or to go on to college for more specialized training.

It is here in American colleges that materialism gets its biggest push. Undergraduates are expected to choose a training school which will prepare them to be technical cogs in the machines of a technical age. They have no time to waste on the arts and the pure sciences—they must hurry if they are to grow up to be rich someday. For those who cannot jump on the technical band-wagon, but who still have the same goal, colleges offer glorified programs in physical education, journalism, home economics, and commerce. The most lucrative teaching positions are in these and the technical schools. These schools are popular with students because they put them one jump ahead in their get-rich-quick schemes. Some students and educators are aware that specialized or technical training at the undergraduate level should be deemphasized, but their voices are drowned out by the cries for technical advancement.

These cries may be answered by the specialized technicians who may reach near-perfection in applications of proven theories. Eventually, however, they will call for new theories propounded by new minds. These minds must be trained in the arts and the pure sciences. They must be able to look above and

beyond the practicalities for the principles. They cannot be so saturated and satisfied with facts and skills that they have ceased to wonder and to search. Business and industry must realize this, for all technical advances are based on the pure sciences. New minds must be developed by enlightenment and inspiration from the very beginning of their education. Children should be encouraged to grow up to be rich someday, yes—but rich in mind and soul with new ideals, not rich in the bodily comforts and pleasures fostered by American materialism through education.

Technical Education Can't Wait

WALLACE B. SCHROTH

Rhetoric 102, Final Examination

IT HAS OFTEN BEEN HEARD IN RECENT TIMES THAT COLLEGE students of today tend to specialize too much, thereby missing the liberal arts education which is generally regarded as an ideal. It is well known that there are large universities in which a young person can graduate who has taken a few or none of the "humanistic" courses. I believe, with many others, that this a great shame. But great difficulties stand in the way of improving the situation.

Few people will deny that we live in a scientific world. It is a world in which great numbers of men are needed who are expert in their given specialties. The scope of engineering and the tremendous bulk of scientific knowledge have increased, not just steadily, but at a rate that is constantly increasing. Only men of a high degree of intelligence can assimilate and use such knowledge. The only place to train these men for technical work is in our colleges. Thus we have a larger and larger proportion of our college graduates technically well trained in one field, but without the broad liberal arts core of education which serves as the basis for well-rounded development.

How shall we improve the situation? One answer seems obvious. Have every college student take a liberal arts course for general cultural values; then let him specialize. This would undoubtedly be good for the individual, but there are several difficulties encountered. The first is that of time. A good technical education today requires four years. Some fields, such as medicine, require even longer times. But a general liberal arts curriculum should require four years, at least in my opinion.

"So what?" some may say. "What is time?" To them it is more important that life be full, even if begun a little later. Perhaps they are right. But once more, let us not forget the world we are living in. The average youth of today will have to give two years of his life, two of his very best years, to his country.

If he is to get a complete education in which he is both well balanced and well prepared for a remunerative career, and then serve his country, he will be past the prime of life when he begins to earn his living.

Let us remember that many college students are barely able to afford four years of school. They are eager to be on their own. Most are married in their early twenties. The impossible financial situations which arise are readily understandable. I therefore believe that we must continue to allow young people to specialize in being technically trained. But that does not mean that the individual must not get a balanced education. People can educate themselves.

"Quite true," you may say, "but how many do?" In that question lies a great weakness in our educational system.

Our colleges do not teach their students to educate themselves. The more intelligent will eventually acquire the knack of self-education. But this avenue has hardly been opened. Many people educate themselves today technically. But they are often past their best chances for advancement materially. Why not give them technical educations immediately, while teaching them how to balance out their educations as their lives proceed? This is the solution to our great dilemma.

MY ANCESTORS?

I am very grateful for the things my ancestors have done, things which indirectly make my life a little more pleasant.

My great uncle's brother Hugo robbed a bank, thereby obtaining quite a good bit of money. He didn't get to enjoy it, however, for the very next day my great uncle, a cold-blooded chap, shot poor George and took all his hard-earned cash. Today I have a dandy Indian head penny collection, which is all that's left of the money, my great uncle being somewhat of a drunkard.

I had a female cousin back some years who did quite a bit of work with poisons (purely scientific, of course). She developed a rat poison that would (and did) kill a man in six seconds. She also developed the poison gas that the state used on her.

My aunt Sara was a practical joker. Several Thanksgivings ago she slipped a stick of blasting powder into the turkey leg. This was a blow to my Uncle Howard. However, it turned out swell. My grandfather, who is an undertaker, threw a big embalming party. My mother took me and I even got to taste some embalming fluid and powder Uncle Howard's nose. They wouldn't let Aunt Sara come. Mother took me to see Aunt Sara once. We could only look in through a little window in a big thick door. She looked so happy; she had a new white coat on and was hugging herself.

My Uncle Bob was the one, though. He had a game I used to love to watch him play. He'd pretend he was a fish and jump into the Ohio River; then all the firemen would come and pull him out.

Speaking of firemen, my Uncle Clyde was the tiller man on a hook and ladder. Now there was a man who really loved his job. Why, he'd even set fire to buildings just so he could go to work. One day some mean fellow who didn't understand got mad and then they came and took poor Uncle Clyde away.

My ancestors were really on the ball, don't you think? I only hope I can be as outstanding as they were.

FRED PATTISON, 101.

The High Conquest

KIRK KENNEDY

Rhetoric 101, Theme 9

THE PEAK STOOD GLEAMING LIKE A BLUE SAPPHIRE IN the early dawn, contemplating the haze of the valley below. It seemed unreal, detached, as if it would disappear in the first strong wind. It soared there, timeless, serene, untroubled.

On a ledge three thousand feet below, Siegfried Bruckner wriggled from his sleeping bag and prepared for the climb ahead. He raised his handsome head toward the mountain and stretched and was grateful to his parents for having created such a perfect physical specimen. He was truly an ideal soldier of Germany: six feet, one inch, one hundred and eighty-four pounds of solid bone and solid muscle. He would use this strength well, he thought. By late afternoon he would be on top of that peak; he would have conquered the mountain, another victory for the Third Reich. He saw no beauty in that towering spire; he saw only something to conquer, something to subjugate for his own glory and for that of Germany. The Führer would be proud of his soldier Bruckner when he heard of his exploit. Perhaps he would be decorated by the Führer himself, as had many other outstanding climbers! That would be a fitting reward for his triumph. He brushed the thoughts from his mind and, after partaking of some water and chocolate, he began climbing.

The climbing was difficult from the beginning because of the small layers of ice which sometimes covered the ledges and handholds. He was on the north face of the mountain, where the sun never reached, and so the ice was there all year around. It would have been much easier to climb the peak by the south or west sides, but Siegfried was not concerned with merely getting to the top. The mountain had been climbed many times before, as had all the major peaks of the Alps, but always by the same south and west routes. No one had ever succeeded in climbing the north wall, although many had tried; it was generally considered impossible. That was the very reason why Siegfried was trying it. That was his creed and the creed of his countrymen: to do the impossible, to show the world that *nothing* was impossible for a Nazi. Many had died trying to prove it, but that was to be expected. They were soldiers, and they must be prepared to reap a soldier's reward, whether it be victory or destruction. Only a year before, in 1936, one of his comrades had been killed on the terrible Eigerwand. Siegfried cursed to think that Karl should have been his friend. Karl died because he was a coward. He and his party had gotten within a thousand feet of the top and then had lost their nerve and had tried to come back. It was then that they had fallen. They deserved to die; Germany had no use for cowards. He set his jaw and kept climbing.

For an hour he had been climbing on small ledges and cracks in the wall, but now he came to an obstacle which had doubtless stopped many of his predecessors. In front of him was a sheer wall, broken only by a small crack which ran upward to his right. In order to reach the ledge at the other end, he would have to traverse the wall solely by use of his hands, swinging himself along the break. For a moment he wished that he had some companions to aid him, but he quickly pushed the thought to the back of his mind. He was a Nazi; he needed no one's help. The fact that he was climbing alone would make his triumph greater. Of course, there were those who condemned solitary climbing as reckless, but they were fools, the same fools who said that mountains should be climbed for their beauty and the spiritual insight gained by the climber, not for the sake of conquest. What other motive was there for climbing, except for glory? These people were the weaklings over whom Germany would someday rule.

He drove a piton into a crevice and slipped his rope through its end. He tied the end of the rope to his waist and slipped the other end over a hook in his belt. That way, he could grab the loop and check himself in case he began to fall. He made sure that the piton was secure and then, getting a firm hold in the break, he swung out over the abyss.

He had gotten about halfway across when his hands began to give out. The terrific strain on his fingers was cramping them, and the sharp edge of the crevice was cutting his knuckle joints. Every time he got a new hold, his fingers felt more and more as if they were turning into wood and being sawed off. He had an almost overwhelming urge to let go, to drop, anything to ease the pain in his hands. He kept driving himself on, however, fighting the pain and the urge to give up. He was Siegfried Bruckner, soldier of the Third Reich; it was his will and not his weakness that would be the victor. By this time, his hands felt more like someone else's than his own, and his breath came in heaving sobs. He longed to let go, but if he did, he might not be able to grab the loop in time. He suddenly wished that he had never tried to climb this terrible mountain. He was looking straight at Death, and he was afraid. Then, as if his very wishing had brought it there, he felt the ledge beneath his feet. He had won.

For a full quarter of an hour he massaged his bleeding fingers. Back on that break he had been afraid. It was not often that he was afraid, and he hated the feeling; hated it not only because of the paralyzing force with which it gripped him but because fear was a sign of weakness, and weakness had no place in the make-up of a soldier of Germany. It would be far better to throw himself off the precipice and rid Nazism of a useless member than to go back defeated. No, he would rather die than admit that he had lost. Making sure that he had all of his equipment, he steeled himself and went on.

During that day, Siegfried performed feats of mountaineering which astounded even him. He struggled up chimneys, made hand traverses, and

wormed his way along quarter-inch ledges, always driven by the will to conquer. The incident on the traverse had not jarred his self-confidence; on the contrary, it had increased his hatred of weakness until it was this very hatred that was prodding him onward. His only thought was to reach the top, to prove that nothing could stop him. Then, at about four o'clock that afternoon, obsession seemed almost fulfilled.

He pulled himself up onto a ridge and, looking to his right, he saw that he had won. The ridge ran on a level for about two hundred yards, then made a sudden upsweep and ended in the peak itself. Victory was within a two-minute walk. Siegfried started forward, his eyes filled with pictures of the laurels he would win, his ears with the praises of his countrymen. He didn't see the break in the ridge where the snow was merely a drift, filling the gap. He didn't even suspect that it was there until it gave way. There was no struggle, no cry. There wasn't time. One moment, Siegfried Bruckner strode triumphantly along the ridge; the next, a cloud of sparkling snow wafted lazily out over the blue depths of the valley.

* * *

The peak stood gleaming in the afternoon sun, floating on the blue haze. It rested there, serene, timeless, unconquered.

The Snake Pit

MIRIAM GOLUB

Rhetoric 102, Theme 2

DIM LIGHTS, PRIVACY, AND SWEET MUSIC IN THE FAMILY parlor are no longer necessary surroundings for "pitching woo." Coeds and their dates have exchanged these poetic symbols of love for glaring spotlights, watchful eyes of an interested audience, and snatches of crazy conversations. Courting in the crowded lounges or "snake pits" of women's residences is the only amusement provided after midnight for university students. The Neckers entertain both themselves and their audience, the Gawkers. The more tactful and not so well acquainted couples, the Talkers, attempt unsuccessfully to ignore the show. Usually not enough seats for the night's entertainment are available, but, fortunately, two couples can use a small couch or one couple a large chair.

Couples that have had more than three dates normally are Neckers. These actors in the show through past experience have learned how to be alone in a snake pit. They arrive early to secure a seat in the most secluded corner; after a long debate they bravely break the rules and turn off one of the lights. While they are occupied with long clinches and whispered nothings, the remainder of the girls and their dates begin to straggle into the room.

The Talkers announce their arrival with loud bursts of laughter which quickly fade as they survey the lounge. Apologetically, the coeds locate two empty chairs and ask their men to wait while they go upstairs to hang up their coats. If the girls are adept at this procedure, five to ten minutes can be wasted; the time spent in idle chatter and foiling their dates who wish to imitate the Neckers will be lessened. The standard stock of questions and comments used on these occasions includes the usual "What courses are you taking now? You must be very smart to take such hard subjects. What did you think of the movie? Oh, do you know that girl or boy too?"

After the supply of ready-made questions is exhausted, the Talkers stare at the ceiling to avoid staring at the other couples. The ringing of the bells interrupts their painful stay in the snake pit and redoubles their conversational efforts. As their dates wave good-by, the girls again laugh heartily. The last joke has been successful.

Even the Gawkers become embarrassed during the last good night kisses. Earlier in the evening these couples had taken a complete sight-seeing tour of the lounge. After the coeds explained the regulations and customs, they carefully chose seats with a full view of more preoccupied couples. They found vicarious thrills as they watched and commented. Home was certainly not like this.

After the last man has reluctantly left the house, Neckers, Talkers, and Gawkers go upstairs to compare notes on the night's fun. The snake pit once again becomes dark, private, and quiet.

Why I Believe in Evolution

JUNE KUETEMEYER

Rhetoric 102, Proficiency Examination

DOWN THROUGH THE AGES MAN HAS TRIED TO SOLVE the mystery of his existence. He has studied, experimented, and often-times dedicated his whole life to the task of discovering what he is and from whence he came. What is man . . . and how, if at all, does he differ from the brute creation? These are the questions that man has thus far failed to answer to the satisfaction of all the members of his species.

Many theories have arisen in answer to these all-important questions, the most noteworthy being diametrically opposed to each other. One, propounded by the eminent sociologist and philosopher, Charles Darwin, supports the answer that both man and animal are descended from a common source, and that man, as we know him, is nothing more than a more advanced and complex form of animal. The other, advocated by many of the religious leaders of the world, claim the existence somewhere in man of a soul—a property not possessed in any form by the brute. Therein lies the struggle. Which is right?

The best way to compare any two subjects is to go to the basic aspects of their makeup and behavior. In doing this, we find man and animal to be the same. Both man and the brute act and react in respect to two basic laws—survival and reproduction. From the lowest form of animal life to the most intelligent individual, the factors of survival and reproduction control and motivate behavior. Also, the very biological compositions of the two creatures are alike, basically, in that they are both suited to fulfill the demands brought about by these two laws. Therefore, there is a legitimate reason for classifying man and his brute neighbor as members of the same basic family. However, let us look even further into these creatures and try to substantiate to a fuller degree the classification.

Some say that man has a culture. However, the animal has a form of culture also. Man lives in cities, towns, villages, and tribes, and the brute lives in herds, flocks, droves, and colonies. While man has a government to direct his behavior, the animal has a head or governing body to control him. Take for example the horse. This creature lives in herds for protection and the common good. The herds live according to the age-old laws of natural selection and survival of the fittest, and, in accordance with these laws, elect one of their members as their head. He leads and cares for his herd until he dies or is no longer capable of proving his abilities and supremacy. He is then replaced by another, and so it goes. Man elects governments, serves under them until they cease to function for the common good, and replaces them. Both man and animal are compelled to obey the laws of their respective governing bodies, and are likewise both punished for offenses against their society. Man's society is more complex merely because man's intelligence is more highly developed than the animal's.

It has been said that man possesses a "soul." The actual existence of this "soul" has never been proven, yet those who support the theory of its existence make up the greater portion of the population of the world. Perhaps he does possess some inner force, some spiritual power that can be termed "soul," but then so must the brute. It does not seem conceivable that man, out of all the creatures, should suddenly, somewhere along the line of creation, be endowed with a power not found to any degree in the other forms of animal life. Could it not be possible to term the blind faith shown a master by his dog or other pet "soul" also? Man worships blindly a power he has never seen, the actual proof of which he has never been shown. If this is "soul," then the brute has "soul" also.

I am not attempting to say in this paper that man and the brute are identical, for to do so would be sheer folly. Rather I am attempting to prove that they are of the same basic family, and therefore must have evolved from a common ancestor, and that the obvious differences between them are merely degrees of development and intelligence, and not actual differences. Man and the brute are, in reality, members of the same family.

My Aquarium

JAMES R. MILLS

Rhetoric 101, Theme 11

EACH DAY, IN ZOOLOGY CLASS, EVERY STUDENT IS REQUIRED to make a quick observation of the life existing in the little aquarium that sits on his table. At first, this was a disgusting routine of placing a drop of ill-smelling pond water on a glass slide and viewing the drop under a microscope, trying desperately to get a glimpse of some of the many microscopic plants and animals that darted to and fro within the tiny drop. The first time I peered into their minute world, I never realized that I would become interested in those insignificant little creatures, and I certainly never suspected that they could teach me an important lesson of life. As the weeks passed, however, I became intimately familiar with their world; and not only did they prove to be fascinating individually, but collectively they did teach me a vivid lesson.

During several weeks of almost daily observation, I came to know my aquarium for what it really was, a minute cosmos in which the multifarious forms of living things vie with each other for superiority. It was a complex environment, made up of countless species of plants and animals, and, with a little patience, one could watch generations pass before his eyes as if by magic. One could observe the constant struggle between the strong and the weak, the fast and the slow, the large and the small. But, most of all, I was fascinated by the fact that life always continued in perfect balance, in spite of all the struggling and competition, and often even mass annihilation of an entire species.

A task that was at first tedious and boring had become a profound adventure, and I felt a pang of regret when I was told to empty the aquarium in preparation for the end of the course. As I held the little bowl of water in my hands, before emptying its contents, I suddenly got a vision of something infinitely bigger and far more complex. For the first time, I saw myself as a tiny animal in the giant "bowl" of the universe. I thought of the rise and fall of species on the earth, and of man's resolute struggle against insects and bacteria, and of the gigantic game of who is going to use whom for food. I was thrilled to realize that all this suffering and struggling is only the result of the interacting processes of life, and that without such constant turnover and maintenance of balance, the members of one species would probably dominate the world so completely that they would destroy themselves.

Just before I tipped the aquarium, a brilliant beam of sunlight pierced its thin glass walls, and I caught a glimpse of the vertiginous mass of tiny particles, which I knew to be living organisms, pulsating with the rhythm and the amazingly intricate, mathematical precision of life. And then I poured them all down the drain.

The Harry Dexter White Case

MARY Z. HOLLAND

Rhetoric 101, Theme 10

MOVIES STARTED THE TREND AWAY FROM LEGITIMATE acting in this country, and television has accelerated it. Indeed some pessimists have expressed the viewpoint that we, as a people, are slowly losing the ability to express ourselves through the media of art, music, and speech, because modern entertainment affords so little incentive for original thinking. Such things as the closing of the only legitimate theater in Washington, D.C. in 1948 and the noticeable absence of an opera house in a city the size of our capital seem to substantiate this line of reasoning. However, I disagree with the theory that the American people are failing to develop along the line of individual expression. The reason for the absence of troops of legitimate actors in Washington is simply that professionals can't compete with the amateurs in Government circles.

Any decline in the development of artistic ability that has been noted is caused by searching in the wrong places for new talent. To my knowledge, there has never been an artist "discovered" in our National Government, even though both major political parties have exhibited some excellent material for the stage during the last several years. This may be explained in part by the fact that plots for most of the amateur shows produced by the Government are written so realistically, and the acting is of such high calibre that many people don't recognize them as fantasy.

A show that recently was played in Washington was called "The Harry Dexter White Case", and it was far more entertaining than anything the Government Troop had produced to that date. The plot was not very original. It was a modern version of the wornout court intrigue themes of medieval Europe, and some of the legal maneuvers were reminiscent of *The Merchant of Venice*. A "cops and robbers" strain was woven into it also. None of these things, however, would have made the show outstanding as a theatrical production. The thing that set it apart was the clever way it had been worked up so that there was no leading role and no one person in charge of its production. All the characters in it vied quite openly for the spotlight. They upstaged each other and read lines into the script that weren't there—practices which would ordinarily be frowned upon as unethical. However, the resultant double talk against a backdrop of tragedy created one of the most unique stage productions of the century.

Attorney General Brownell germinated the idea for the play, and Representative Velde, after hearing Mr. Brownell's suggestion, started the production rolling.

They insisted that ex-President Truman be given a major role. Being offered a part in the show was obviously a surprise to Mr. Truman, but as soon as he realized the possibilities of this unexpected chance to get before the floodlights, he took full advantage of the opportunity. His haste in dealing with some of his lines was rather apparent, because he cued Senator McCarthy, whose appearance was not scheduled in the original cast. Thereafter, Mr. McCarthy proceeded to hog the show.

Perhaps the award for the most spectacular acting of the year should go to Senator Jenner, who saw right away that he was being overshadowed in the United States by Mr. McCarthy's and Mr. Velde's brilliant performances in "The Harry Dexter White Case." Hence, Mr. Jenner accomplished a coup for a Canadian audience and got it. If international repercussions come as a result of it, he still has the dubious distinction of playing to a bigger audience. This amateur has already learned that the show is the important thing in the business of acting. Putting a man's life in jeopardy or irritating the Canadian Government were secondary to him, as they should be to any veteran trooper.

Even Mr. Hoover of the venerable FBI, who is noted for being a recluse, made a brief but dynamic appearance on stage in "The Harry Dexter White Case." Histrionics are entirely out of character for Mr. Hoover, and although a lot of people think this appearance was the first of many, I doubt it. After all, Mr. Brownell is Mr. Hoover's boss. Mr. Hoover might have had a choice of participating in the charades or not going to the party.

Justice Clark was offered a part in "The Harry Dexter White Case" but declined the honor. Rumor has it that he was displeased with the role offered him.

Governor Byrnes of South Carolina and White House Secretary Haggerty played bit parts, which they handled with average ability. Neither showed much promise of becoming outstanding in a stage career.

General Harry Vaughan, who has earned a reputation as a comedian in court jester roles during the last few years, did well with a small serious part in "The Harry Dexter White Case."

All in all the talent portrayed in "The Harry Dexter White Case" makes that which Arthur Godfrey and Horace Heidt dig up look like a bunch of grammar school kids. Of course, Mr. Godfrey deals only with professional entertainers who can't get high-salaried jobs. The amateurs in the Government show got their jobs before anyone knew they could entertain. Heidt has a system whereby his sponsor gives the budding artist a financial boost, and this puts his amateurs at a disadvantage when compared with the Government Troop, who have the National Treasury for financial backing.

Using Disraeli's sage remark that "A politician thinks of the next election; a statesman, of the next generation" as a yardstick, where do you think this rhubarb in Washington is going to leave the next generation? I realize that

most of us enjoyed the entertainment afforded us by our lawmakers, but I think the source of our entertainment should be given some serious thought. It is a shame that the people of a free nation can force talented entertainers into the field of legislation, when affairs of state are obviously disagreeable to them. The consequences of continuing to frustrate such talent could be disastrous. Can't we find enough compassion in our hearts for these square pegs in round holes to help them find employment comparable to their qualifications?

SPOILED VIEW

As our trim little C-45 rose from the air force base at El Paso, Texas, no one on board suspected what lay ahead in the clear blue sky. Besides Captain Wilson, the pilot, and myself, the engineer, on board were two passengers hitchhiking home.

The day had been perfect in every respect. There was a sparkling blue sky, spotted here and there with a few white, cotton-puffed clouds. No one could have asked for a better day to continue our mission from California back to our home field. It seemed as if the day were made just for us.

We were two hours out of El Paso, when everything changed. The sky started to grow dark as huge grey clouds began to swirl around us. Before we knew what had happened, two blankets of clouds had engulfed us. They seemed to stretch out over and under us for miles.

As the pilot turned on the radio compass, he immediately realized that we were in trouble. Instead of "homing," the needle revolved slowly around the face of the compass. Then to our horror, we discovered that the magnetic compass was spinning around so fast that it seemed as if it would jump out of its case at any moment.

Out of the dismal grey came a voice over the radio. "Air Force 3650 from Shreveport Tower, come in 3650." At last, here was a way out! All we had to do was let Shreveport radar pick us up and "talk" us in. It all seemed so easy, until we discovered that our transmitter had gone out with the compasses. Although we could hear the tower, it couldn't hear us.

It was getting darker by the moment. The clouds were pushing in on us from every side. It was as if they knew we were done for and were trying to claim their prize. They were grasping at us like fingers clutching for an object.

It is rather difficult to explain what happened in the next half hour. We were running out of gas and weren't sure if we were drifting over the Gulf of Mexico, or over the land. The plane was now down to 600 feet, and both Wilson's eyes and mine were glued to the windshield hoping to see some light or a break in the clouds. It suddenly came to me that I might have to bail out within the next ten minutes. I could almost feel the icy wind tearing at my flying suit. We seemed so alone now that I couldn't think of leaping into that swarming mass of nothing.

Then out of the sea of black around us a faint row of lights appeared, but as quickly as they had appeared, they disappeared. With our gas down to a dangerous level and our hopes lower than before, a large opening appeared in the clouds, and right in the middle was Barksdale Air Force Base.

We immediately made an emergency landing. As we stepped out on the ground, one of our passengers (both of whom we had completely forgotten about) said, "Boy, those clouds sure spoiled the view, didn't they?"

One World

ROBERT BENSE

Rhetoric 102, Theme 2

INCESSANT STRUGGLES OF MAN FOR ALLIANCES AND bonds, for union and unity, manifest themselves throughout history; these expressions of harmony and concord by man have not been vented through one form, and one form alone, but instead, they have manifested themselves through many designs: the appeal for the "One World" ideal by the sword, and characterized by the legions of Alexander; by a common spiritual faith, as evidenced in the teachings of Christ; by the coordination of political ideologies, which was tried in the League of Nations and which is being tried today in the United Nations. Although other methods of effecting unity have been utilized, these are three prominent examples of attempted unity.

Pupil of Aristotle, son of Philip of Macedon, ruler of the Hellenes, conqueror of a vast Asian expanse—this was Alexander. Using almost inexhaustible military forces, he extended his regency to the north, conquering part of the Balkans; to the south, subjecting Egypt; to the east, bringing into his dominion the Middle East and Northern India—almost the entire world known to man in 323 B.C. And then came the will of the Fates: death, division, disagreement, dissolution. And the empire of Alexander the Great ceased to exist. Yet the ideology of union and unity was not entombed with him; the Roman world was near at hand, and even before the requiem of ancient Rome was sung, another force was acquiring momentum, a force which was to appeal not to man's physical needs alone, but also to the wants of his soul—*vita eterna*.

Almost 319 years after the death of Alexander, the movement of Christianity was begun. Not necessarily spectacular in its creed, but phenomenal in its embracement, Christianity was imbued with a catholic mission whose purpose is proclaimed in the words of its Master:

"Going forth, teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Spirit . . . that all may be one as I am in the Father."

Remaining today, although somewhat impaired, perhaps, by the ravages of schisms and heresies, Christianity is still a unifying factor. Also, the motivations of the Alexandrian Empire and of all empires remain, for whether the empire be beyond the heavens or on the earth, man eternally confuses the two realms. What greater appeal stirs man to united action than that of love of his God and Country—if the two have not become synonymous?

Recently two more approaches towards a united world have been made: The League of Nations, a symposium of elite "mandate" powers, was seeking

its inevitable end before it was initiated—its significant value lay in the fact that it was at least conceived in the spirit of promoting concord and harmony; finally in 1945, the United Nations was born. Along with it came the "mandate" powers, the Council, Assembly, Secretariat, and the International Court of Justice, all of which were found in the League that had failed. Nevertheless, the UN is a valuable instrument; were sincerity to prevail within it, the UN could conceivably be the scene in which man makes his greatest progress in attempting to attain a world government. And were the United Nations to fail, hope for concord and harmony, union and unity need not perish with it; man is capable of both understanding and applying the idea of "One World." Searching without cease, can he wander about forever?

LAUGHTER

Late in the evening I was awakened by a series of hysterical shrieks. I stumbled out into the corridor to find a gathering of screaming, laughing girls at one of the rooms down the way. I finally subdued one of the girls enough to find out that Audrey, a terribly homely, deathly shy little girl, had just told them she was "going steady." By this time the noise had attracted almost every girl in the house, and as the news made the rounds they all rushed down to stand and laugh, or look at "his" ring. A chant went up, "Audrey's going stea-dy, Audrey's going stea-dy!" and the laughter began to be punctuated with remarks like, "Gee, there's just no chance for us poor, *ugly* girls—Audrey gets all the breaks." Caught up in the wave of bubbling laughter, I suddenly wondered exactly what was funny. Then I noticed Barb, one of my closest friends. She was just standing there, with a rather queer expression on her face. As the crowd passed us, still laughing hysterically, to throw Audrey in the shower (house custom; done at all pinnings, engagements, etc.) I caught a flash of Audrey as she was pulled and pushed along. She was still on her own little pink cloud of happiness, but very much bewildered. I hated to think of her feelings when she realized that all this laughter was not with her, but at her. My eyes met Barb's and dropped. I went back to my room.—ROXANE KAMM, 101.

WHAT I FEARED THE MOST

Dresden, a city where my parents and I lived for a while, was bombed during a thirty-minute period. The city itself was not extremely large, but beautiful and well-populated. After that half hour, my parents and I left our burning home and tried getting out of town. Every one of the houses was burning, making it almost impossible for us to leave the crumbling city. Walking through the streets, I saw death. Through the small but flaming windows, I could see people burning and could hear a baby crying, but there was no one to quiet the infant, for the mother was dead. She might have died quickly and without pain, or maybe she burned alive. Once I saw a mother half alive and struggling towards her child, but she didn't make it. In one window, I remember, I saw a father lying on the basement floor—his body all torn into pieces by the bomb. The crumbling houses falling one on top of the other made it impossible for families to escape. After we had made our way out of the city, I looked back, but what I saw could hardly be called a city. Many thousands of people died that night, but how many died in that same way in a period of six long and terrible years?

The Writer as a Craftsman

SHEILA BITTMAN

Rhetoric 101, Final Examination

THE WRITER AND THE CRAFTSMAN ARE FUNDAMENTALLY alike. They both must begin with a simple idea, perhaps a passing thought, a strong feeling, or sometimes an inspiration. They then develop this idea by analyzing it and proceed to work on their chosen project. This they "polish" until it is truly an expression of themselves. They have taken an idea and expressed it in terms of themselves; they have created.

To do their work, both writer and craftsman must have an adequate background. The fine carpenter cannot begin aimlessly to build a desk; he must first have some idea of its size, design, and particular use. This idea will result from an awareness of structural design which the carpenter has developed by studying other examples of his craft, and often just nature itself. In a similar manner, the writer cannot begin aimlessly to write even a theme; he must first develop an idea. This idea can come only from an active mind which is constantly perceptive of the activities about it. Whether one is a carpenter, a composer, a writer, or a painter, all work is the result of thought.

In addition to this adequate background, the writer and carpenter must have proper tools, and these tools must be kept in good condition. Just as the craftsman cares for his saw, hammer, and chisel, and views them with pride, so too must the writer establish and value his tools. He soon acquires a knowledge of grammar, punctuation, and spelling, and is constantly building up his vocabulary. With these, his basic tools, the writer can proceed to develop an individual style in which he can better express to others his own feelings. Faulty tools will always result in faulty craftsmanship.

Once equipped with tools and an idea, the carpenter plans his project according to its purpose. The size and style of a desk will be directly dependent upon whether it will be used in a doctor's office, the President's den, or a child's playroom. So too must the writer base his plan of development upon the purpose of his idea. Whether his writing is to be technically informative, as in a scientific report, or persuasive, as in a campaign speech, the writer must always keep his reader in mind. No matter how well a theme is written, it will have lost its purpose if it is not well suited for the people for whom it is intended, the readers.

After the project has been planned and executed there results a rough product, which must then be "polished." The carpenter must sand his desk until it is perfectly smooth, but he must also be careful not to sand his delicate design work too much lest its vividness be lost. In a similar manner the writer must revise his first draft and sometimes revise it again. Precaution must be taken against too much revising, or else the theme will no longer be lively and

appealing but will be just accurate and dull. Perhaps a few "rough edges" would even be more interesting.

Finally the writer and carpenter as craftsmen share the same feeling about their finished products. All people enjoy a feeling of satisfaction after a job well-done, but craftsmen are doing more than just working—they are creating; theirs is a feeling of pride.

Sophomorism

RONALD DEMOVSKY

Rhetoric 101, Final Examination

A SUBTLE CHANGE OCCURS WHEN A FRESHMAN TURNS into a sophomore; instead of wishing to know everything, the newly emerged sophomore knows everything. This childlike confidence is explained by two words: personal survival. The sophomore has made it; he has endured the horrors and rigors of freshman life; he has outlasted multitudes of less fortunate brethren who have been eliminated by a ruthless administration. He has retained his fresh enthusiasm in spite of persistent attacks upon it by dull speakers and sadistic instructors. He has survived.

To insure his security, the sophomore has, by now, adopted protective coloration; he blends into the mass. He has discovered an indispensable item of camouflage, wash pants. These sail-cloth oddities had been found, until recently, in garages, machine shops, and sewers and had been bought, naturally, by mechanics, machinists, and sewer inspectors. Lately, however, college students have invaded the army stores until *Hercules* and *Big Yank* have rivalled the immortal *Levi Strauss* as pants' brand names. To complete his selection of pants, the sophomore has a choice of well-scuffed white bucks or loose loafers. Depending on the weather, a full length or short-sleeve sport shirt completes this hatless ensemble. This adoption of a nearly standard uniform serves two purposes: personal acceptance and the bafflement of instructors.

To insure his sanity and well-being, the sophomore has cultivated the art of break-taking. Operating on the principle that more than one hour of concerted effort is injurious to mind, body, and soul, he has retained his equanimity by enjoying frequent short periods of constructive idleness. Through long practice, the sophomore is able during these periods to obliterate anything he has learned during the previous fifty minutes.

Such techniques have erected a protective shell over the dark, persecuted subconscious, remaining from his freshman days, which lurks behind the sophomore's genial exterior. This illustrates the mental outlook of the sophomore—confidence masking remembrance of unspeakable horrors.

Pro and Con

SHARON SMITH

Rhetoric 102, Theme 10

RAH COLLEGE!

IN THE LATEST ISSUE OF *THE GREEN CALDRON* MR. ROBERT Adelsperger deplores the complete irresponsibility of youth on the University of Illinois campus. Unfortunately Mr. Adelsperger's observations appear to be correct. The average Illini seems to have more concern for news of the party last night at Alpha Psi than he does for the survival of the ideals and aspirations of western civilization. Conflicts between Greeks and Independents interest him far more than strife between Russians and free men. Little Abner has a bigger following than the editorial page. Widespread cheating, class-cutting, and rule-breaking attest to the utter lack of morality and maturity in most students. Supposedly the hope of salvation for a weary world, the pride of Illinois romp gaily on, spending time and money as if these were their own. Their motto is not "College leads to things social, cultural, and intellectual," but "College leads to things social, social, and social."

MYOPIA UNLIMITED

In the latest issue of *The Green Cauldron*, Mr. Robert Adelsperger gasps in well-phrased dismay at what seems to him the utter immaturity of the majority of students at the University of Illinois. Peering down from his ivory tower through mists of foggy thought, Mr. Adelsperger can find no one worthy of joining him in stimulating talk and thought. If his social myopia were not so acute, perhaps he might learn a few facts. First of all, intellectual interest is not dead on campus; if it were there would be no one intelligent enough to read Mr. Adelsperger's criticism. More important, cultural events such as plays and concerts appear before packed houses. Debates, lectures, and topical clubs demonstrate the large number of inquiring minds on campus. Even in classrooms the serious and often thought-provoking discussions that occur prove there are many students seeking and finding full maturity. Mr. Adelsperger must have been searching for his ideal student in the wrong place; even that modern Diogenes will never find such a person in the confines of his own narrow personality.

Rhet as Writ

If we would care to look back into history we would find a great woman behind every man. Perhaps the woman behind the man was his mother, his wife or his lover; whichever one of these she was she was the governing body behind all of his motives.

* * *

The landlady is in the mist of merriment with her friends.

* * *

As the door was opened, I smelled a very peculiar odor. We then were introduced to the other "guests" of the house and to the house mother.

* * *

Naturally the grasshoppers differ from the butterflies. But they do not differ the same way.

* * *

Paying your fee, seventy-five cents, you begin sight seeing with an Alligator which is supposed to be 150 years old.

* * *

The villain is the owner of a saloon, which is a place to gambol and drink liquor.

* * *

Because of failing eyesight Yeobright was forced to work as a turf cutter. This type of work didn't require strain to his half-blinded eyes, but brought them a steady income.

* * *

During the ceremony he [the Lord Great Chamberlain] disrobes and robes the queen before and after the unction.

* * *

Out on the playing field a marching band plays our National Antiphon.

* * *

If your land is considerably hilly, farm around it.